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### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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#### Politics of Europe.

We received yesterday various Papers by the WARREN HASTINGS, completing our Files of London Publications up to the 10th of June inclusive. Among these we have the LITERARY GAZETTE of the 1st and 8th of that month, containing two consecutive Articles on the new Novel of the Author of Waverley; and although the matter for our Paper was already prepared for the Press before these Gazettes reached us, yet aware the general anxiety to know something of the "FORTUNES OF NIGEL," we have postponed all other subjects to make room for this, which we therefore give complete.

The publication of the Index to the Volume of the JOURNAL just closed, which occupies the whole of the Asiatic Department, obliges us to postpone the Correspondence, otherwise intended for the Asiatic Sheets of to-day; but this is unavoidable. We add below an article on the Government Press of Scotland, from the London TIMES of June 10th, one of the latest date, and trust that the interest of the Review, on THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, which fills all the remaining space, will compensate for the omission of other topics.

*Government Press in Scotland.*—Under this head, we last autumn branded with merited infamy one of the most nefarious transactions ever heard of since the invention of the art of printing—we mean the combination of about a dozen of the principal adherents of Government in Scotland (including the chief law officer of the Crown), to recommend by their countenance, to aid by their contributions, and to support by their money, a weekly publication, whose original purpose and constant practice, if not avowed object, was slander, defamation, and calumny against their political opponents. The detection of the partners in this disgraceful union was, as might have been expected, the dissolution of the conspiracy; but the system which they commenced, and which had received this timely check, was still continued for the same objects, and by similar means, though under a different firm, and in a different place. To this Paper, the EDINBURGH BEACON, succeeded the GLASGOW SENTINEL; and Mr. Stuart, one of the gentlemen virulently and unremittingly slandered in the former publication, is this-day (Monday, June 10), undergoing his trial in Scotland for shedding in a duel the blood of one of his defamers in the latter—an act which, (however much we may lament it), he could no more have avoided the hazard of committing, considering the opinion of the world in such matters, the nature of the unretracted charge, and the continued series of scurrilous attacks to which he was exposed, than if his body had been forced into the mouth of a cannon by his libellers, and fired off at his antagonist. Since the BEACON has been blown up by its own infamy, and the SENTINEL excites horror by "having blood upon its face," the same party, too weak to support themselves by fair means, has been obliged to look out for another scurrilous ally for BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; and the transaction which we are now about to record arose out of this necessity. A newspaper has been published for the last 10 or 12 years in Edinburgh, called THE EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENT, which, though it has passed through various gradations of violence and moderation, and been subject to various vicissitudes of success and decline—of popularity and neglect—kept steady to the Ministers to the last. But latterly,

though vehement in its politics, it was not sufficiently virulent in its personalities, to please the taste of some of its patrons, who, after feasting on their late high-seasoned scurrilities, could not easily be pleased with ordinary stimulants. Accordingly, it was determined, in a divan of the leaders of the party, that the editor and printer of the CORRESPONDENT, who acted as an *in-ebrius* upon its vituperative energies, should be discarded; that the concern, as then conducted, should be dropped; and that the publication should recommence under a more active management. The copartnership of the EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENT, in pursuance of this resolution, was dissolved at Whitsuntide last, and two of the most violent of the ministerial partners formed the design, by a new arrangement, to oust the former printer, editor, and joint proprietor, of all his rights in the old paper, and to transfer its title and interest to a new one, under their own sole direction, and for their own exclusive benefit. They published an advertisement, stating their intentions, and calling upon the lovers of the Throne for their support. The last publication of the EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENT is dated Thursday, May 23; and on Saturday, May 25, we find the first number of a paper called "THE CORRESPONDENT," with a different printer's name, and published at a different place. On the same day Mr. Watson, the proprietor of the old paper, applied to the Court of Session, and obtained an injunction to restrain the new firm from pirating his title. The plea set up by the defendants was—first, that the plaintiff could not carry on the concern under the old title, and therefore that their usurpation was no robbery; and, secondly, that the title of the journal commenced by them was essentially different from that of the old paper, because they had dropped the word "Edinburgh" from before the word "CORRESPONDENT," and had used the Roman instead of the Saxon character in printing it. In illustration of the honesty of this proceeding, we find that the counsel for the defendants pleaded the example of Dr. Slop, in his conduct towards this Journal (THE TIMES). The Court, however, whose gravity seemed startled by the argument, was not much convinced by the precedent: and after expressing such feelings with regard to the piratical act of the defendants as must have been very edifying to the said Slop, granted the injunction prayed for by the petitioner. What, after this, was the conduct of those persons who pretend such respect for the award of law and the decisions of the Judges? Why, they published their paper on Monday (May 27), under the title of the EDINBURGH OBSERVER, using the materials and articles of intelligence which had been prepared for the CORRESPONDENT—employing the same type and the same publisher and distributing the copies of it under the same franks and among the same subscribers. We have seen the four first numbers of this new northern luminary, and find that it promises fair to be a worthy coadjutor of the most violent ministerial journals of the day. An hon. gentleman, who has since been rewarded with a seat at the Admiralty Board, said in the House of Commons during the Queen's trial, that the Opposition press was not adequately resisted; and that it was not so, his short lease of office sufficiently shows. In answer to his cry of distress, we have since seen the establishment of those manufactories of scurrility and defamation, the JOHN BULLS, the BEACONS, and the SENTINELS. Such is the new species of defensive armour with which the adherents of Ministers are to meet their opponents, and yet we hear from them nothing but complaints that

their characters are not treated with respectful indulgence, or their measures discussed with temperate reasoning. An Emperor of Germany having gained a victory and taken prisoner a bishop clad in "complete steel," doffed the armour of this son of peace and sent it to the Pope with these derisive words *hæcine sunt vestes filii tui*. Whenever we afterwards hear complaints against the treatment to which the Ministers are exposed, and a demand made for extraordinary candour, we may take a leaf out of the most infamous publications of the day, and point to its calumnies and falsehoods as the only arguments by which we are met.—*Times*.

### Fortunes of Nigel.

*The Fortunes of Nigel. By the Author of Waverley, Kenilworth, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Constable, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson & Co. London.*

The appearance of the Scotch or Scott's Novels, as they are indifferently called, constitute epochs in the literary (we might perhaps say in all the) world; and we are among those who sincerely rejoice that these epochs are short, and not,

Like angel visits, few and far between.

It is a holiday to us when one occurs; and sometimes, after the task of much dry reading imposed by grumbling authors on their drudges the critics, we slide into a tale by the Author of Waverley, as a traveller rests in the oasis of the desert—the green and fertile spot amid oceans of barren sand. Of such an enjoyment we have now to render an account; for *The Fortunes of Nigel* are worthy of the Author of Waverley. What a proof is here given of the abundance of his resources!—Some of our very timid brethren are afraid that he will run himself out;—were it possible for a little rivulet to think and speak, if it saw the Thames pouring his flood into the sea, it would cry, "That stream cannot last long, it must soon be dry."

To these volumes there is a charming introduction, in which Captain Clutterbuck details a conversation he has had with the Eidolon, or Representative Vision of the Author of Waverley. It is admirably good-humoured, and in noticing the faults charged upon the author and refuting them, affords a lesson to every Reviewer in Britain, from the bulky divisors of the year into four, to the lesser lights of the calibre of 52 per annum. The following piece of candour is refreshing to one's spirit. Reporting pro publico the allegations against the Monastery, the Captain says:

"They object too, that the object of your Nixie ought to have been more uniformly noble—her ducking the priest was no naiad-like amusement."

"Author. Ah! they ought to allow for the capricious of what is after all but a better sort of goblin. The bath into which Ariel, the most delicate creation of Shakespeare's imagination, seduces our jolly friend Trinculo, was not of amber or rose-water. But no one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it—I write for the public amusement; and though I never will aim at popularity by what I think unworthy means, I will not, on the other hand, be pertinacious in the defence of my own errors against the voice of the public."

On the subject of the so strictly preserved incognito, the rapidity of publication, &c., the dialogue is also wondrous pleasant.

"Author. You may remember, the neatly wrought chain of circumstantial evidence, so artificially brought forward to prove Sir Philip Francis's title of the Letters of Junius, seemed at first irrefragable; yet the influence of the reasoning has passed away, and Junius, in the general opinion, is as much unknown as ever. But on this subject I will not be soothed or provoked into saying one word more. To say who I am not, would be one step towards saying who I am; and as I desire not, any more than a certain justice of peace mentioned by Shenstone, the noise or report such things make in the world, I shall continue to be silent on a subject, which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the rout that has been made about it. . . . ."

"Captain. But allowing, my dear sir, that you care not for your personal reputation, or for that of any literary person upon whose shoulders your faults may be visited, allow me to say, that common gratitude to the public, who have received you so kindly, and to the critics, who have treated you so leniently, ought to induce you to bestow more pains on your story."

"Author.—I do entreat you, my son, as Dr. Johnson would have said, "free your mind from cant." For the critics, they have their business, and I mine; as the nursery proverb goes—

"The children in Holland take pleasure in making  
What the children in England take pleasure in breaking."

"I am their humble jackall, too busy in providing food for them, to have time for considering whether they swallow or reject it.—To the public, I stand pretty nearly in the relation of the postman who leaves a packet at the door of an individual. If it contains pleasing intelligence, a billet from a mistress, a letter from an absent son, a remittance from a correspondent supposed to be bankrupt,—the letter is acceptably welcome, and read and re-read, folded up, filed, and safely deposited in the bureau. If the contents are disagreeable, if it comes from a dun or from a bore, the correspondent is cursed, the letter is thrown into the fire, and the expence of postage is heartily regretted; while all the while the bearer of the dispatches is, in either case, as little thought on as the snow of last Christmas. The utmost extent of kindness between the author and the public which can really exist, is, that the world are disposed to be somewhat indulgent to the succeeding works of an original favourite, were it but on account of the habit which the public mind has acquired; while the author very naturally thinks well of their taste, who have so liberally applauded his productions. But I deny there is any call for gratitude, properly so called, either on one side or the other."

"Captain. Respect to yourself, then ought to teach caution."

"Author. Ay, if caution could augment the chance of my success. But, to confess to you the truth, the works, and passages in which I have succeeded, have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity; and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standish, that the parts in which I have come feebly off, were by much the more laboured. Besides, I doubt the beneficial effect of too much delay, both on account of the author and the public. A man should strike while the iron is hot, and hoist sail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keeps not the stage, another instantly takes his ground. If a writer lies by for ten years ere he produces a second work, he is superseded by others; or if the age is so poor of genius that this does not happen, his own reputation becomes his greatest obstacle. The public will expect the new work to be ten times better than its predecessor; the author will expect it should be ten times more popular, and 'tis a hundred to ten that both are disappointed."

"Captain. This may justify a certain degree of rapidity in publication, but not that which is proverbially said to be no speed. You should take time at least to arrange your story."

"Author. That is a sore point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed."

"Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil."

"Author. Alas, my dear sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection.—When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie, or Dalgetty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom. In short, sir, on such occasions, I think I am bewitched."

"Captain. Nay, sir, if you plead sorcery, there is no more to be said, he must needs go whom the devil drives. . . . ."

All this is very playful, and impresses on our minds a fine Eidolon, if we must name it so, of an author in whom the highest genius, the soundest judgment, and the utmost goodness of heart, are so enchantingly intertwined, like the common stands forming one silken cord. But to the *Fortunes of Nigel*—to as perfect a picture of the age of James the First as ever was drawn of any era; to a portraiture of characters as true to nature as if the painter had lived among them and studied them all his life; and to a style as fitted to the scene as if Shakespeare himself had composed the narrative.

Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, the hero of the piece, is introduced to the readers through a broil into which his serving man Richard, or Richie Monipplies, falls with the 'prentices of Fleet-street—a class



curiously described. Riehe is rescued by two of these worthies, Jenkins Vincent, or Jin Vin, and Frank Tunstall, apprentices to Davy Ramsay, a Scotch chronometer-maker and horologist to the king. Ramsay is devoted to abstruse calculations; but has nevertheless, a very pretty daughter with an independent fortune of two hundred pounds a-year, the heroine of our story. When Monipits is carried with his broken head into the house of the horologist, one Master George accidentally comes in, and discerning the cure of the wounded man, learns who he is and where his master abides, viz. at a mean lodging in John Christie's, a ship-chandler on Paul's Wharf, with a bawm wife 20 years younger than himself. This Master George is Heriot, a very rich and worshipful personage, the king's jeweller, and a favourite, with all the influence of wealth, at the court to which poor Nigel has rather a hopeless suit, his inheritance being nearly forfeited, and the debt due by the crown since the Raid of Rothven to his noble father, very unlikely to be obtained for its redemption.

The benevolent and spirited goldsmith resolves to try what can be done at Whitehall, and, having won his way with Lord Nigel, the following extract will elucidate both the author and their progress:

"The goldsmith to the Royal Household, and who, if same spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker, (for these professions were not as yet separated from each other,) was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from sentinel or porter; and leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer court, he gently knocked at a postern-gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an anti-room, where three or four pages in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more carelessly than the place and nearness to a King's person seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anti-room, was occupied by two gentlemen-ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition as the wealthy goldsmith entered. No word was spoken on either side, but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot, and then to a little door half-covered by the tapestry which seemed to say as plain as a look could—"Lies your business that way?" The citizen nodded, and the court attendant, moving on tiptoe and with as much caution as if the floor had been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply—"Admit him instant, Maxwell. Have ye hairbeared sae lang at the court, and not learned that gold and silver is ever welcome?"

"The Usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the Sovereign.

"The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest, and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the royal Prentice, as he styled himself in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

"The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsiness and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured nightgown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.

"But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were more outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by under familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though

fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he shewed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unbouedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, shewing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

"That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the King's disposition, yet during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

"Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot familiarly by the name of Jingle George, (for it was his well-known custom to give nicknames to all his familiars,) inquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him, to cheat his lawful and native Prince out of his siller.

This clatter-trap is a piece of chased plate, and the colloquy proceeds:

"It was wrought, sir," replied the goldsmith, "by the famous Florentine, Benevenuto Cellini, and designed for Francis the First of France; but I hope it will find a fitter master."

"Francis of France!" said the King; "send Solomon, King of the Jews, to Francis of France!—Body of me, man, it would have kythed Cellini mad, had he never done any thing else out of the gate. Francis!—why, he was a fighting fule, man—a mere fighting fule, got himself ta'en at Pavia, like our ain David at Durham lang syne; if they could hae sent him Solomon's wit, and love of peace and godliness, they wad hae done him a better turn. But Solomon should sit in other gate company than Francis of France."

"I trust that such will be his good fortune," said Heriot. "It is a curious and vera artificial sculpture," said the King, in continuation; "but yet, methinks, the crucifix, or executioner there, is brandishing his gully ower near the King's face seeing he is within reach of his weapon. I think less wisdom than Solomon's wald have taught him that there was danger in edge-tools, and that he wald have bidden the smaik either sheath his shable, or stand farther back."

"George Heriot endeavoured to alleviate this objection, by assuring the King that the vicinity betwixt Solomon and the executioner was nearer in appearance than in reality and that the perspective should be allowed for.

"Gang to the de'il wi' your prospective, man," said the King; "there canna be a waur prospective for a lawful king, who wishes to reign in love, and die in peace and honour, than to have naked swords flashing in his een. I am accounted as brave as maist folks; and yet I profess to ye I could never look on a bare blade without blinking and winking. But a' thegither it is a brave piece;—and what is the price of it, man?" The goldsmith replied by observing, that it was not his own property, but that of a distressed countryman.

"Whilk you mean to mak your excuse for asking the double of its worth, I warrant," answered the King. "I ken the tricks of you burrows-town merchants, man."

"I have no hopes of baffling your Majesty's sagacity," said Heriot; the piece is really what I say, and the price a hundred and fifty pounds sterling, if it pleases your Majesty to make present payment."

"A hundred and fifty pounds, man! and as mony witches and warlocks to raise them!" said the irritated monarch. "My saml, Jingle George, ye are minded that your purse shall jingle to a bounie tune!—How am I to tell you down a hundred and fifty pounds for what will not weigh as many morks? and ye ken that my very house hold servitors, and the officers of my mouth, are sax months in arrear!"

"The goldsmith stood his ground against all this objurcation, as being what he was well accustomed to, and only answered, that, if his Majesty liked the piece, and desired to possess it, the price could be easily settled. It was true that the party could not want the money; but he, George Heriot, would advance it on his Majesty's account, if such were his pleasure, and wait his royal conveniency for payment, for that and other matters; the money, mean while, lying at the ordinary usage."

Heriot takes an opportunity of pleading the cause of Nigel; for whom he obtains a present supply of money, and permission to plead his own cause at court. Previous to this, however, Heriot entertains him with other company at his mansion in the city, where we are made acquainted with a cynic of the first water, Sir Mungo Malagrowthor of Girnigo Castle.

‘That good knight knocked at Master Heriot’s door just as the clock began to strike twelve, and was seated in his chair ere the last stroke had chimed. This gave the knight an excellent opportunity of making sarcastic observations on all who came later than himself, not to mention a few rubs at the expence of those who had been so superfluous as to appear earlier.

‘Having little or no property save his bare designation, Sir Mungo had been early attached to Court in the capacity of whipping-boy, as the office was then called, to King James the Sixth, and, with his Majesty-trained to all polite learning by his celebrated preceptor, George Buchanan. The office of whipping-boy doomed its unfortunate occupant to undergo all the corporal punishment which the Lord’s Anointed, whose proper person was of course sacred, might chance to incur, in the course of travelling through his grammar and prosody. Under the stern rule, indeed, of George Buchanan, who did not approve of the vicarious mode of punishment, James bore the penance of his own faults, and Mungo Malagrowthor enjoyed a sinecure; but James’s other pedagogue, Master Patrick Young, went more ceremoniously to work, and appalled the very soul of the youthful king by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy, when the royal task was not suitably performed. And be it told to Sir Mungo’s praise, that there were points about him in the highest respect suited to his official situation. He had even in youth a naturally irregular and grotesque set of features, which, when distorted by fear, pain, and anger, looked like one of the whimsical faces which present themselves in a Gothic cornice. His voice was also high pitched and querulous, so that, when smarting under Master Peter Young’s unsparing inflictions, the expression of his grotesque physiognomy, and the superhuman yells which he uttered, were well suited to produce all the effects on the monarch who deserved the lash, that could possibly be produced by seeing another and an innocent individual suffering for his delict.

‘Sir Mungo Malagrowthor, for such he became, thus got an early footing at court, which another would have improved and maintained. But when he grew too big to be whipped, he had no other means of rendering himself acceptable. A bitter, caustic, and backbiting humour, a malicious wit, and envy of others more prosperous than the possessor of such amiable qualities, have not indeed always been found obstacles to a courtier’s rise; but then they must be amalgamated with a degree of selfish cunning and prudence, of which Sir Mungo had no share. His satire run riot, his envy could not conceal itself, and it was no long after his majority till he had as many quarrels upon his hands as would have required a cat’s nine lives to answer. In one of these rencontres he received, perhaps we should say fortunately, a wound, which served him as an excuse for answering no invitations of the kind in future. Sir Rullion Rattray, of Ranagullion, cut off, in mortal combat, three of the fingers of his right hand, so that Sir Mungo never could hold sword again. At a later period, having written some satirical verses upon the Lady Cockpen, he received so severe a chastisement from some persons employed for the purpose, that he was found half dead on the spot where they had thus dealt with him, and one of his thighs having been broken, and ill set, gave him a hitch in his gait, with which he hobbled to his grave. The lameness of his leg and hand, besides that they added considerably to the grotesque appearance of this original, procured him in future a personal immunity from the more dangerous consequences of his own humour; and he gradually grew old in the service of the court, in safety of life and limb, though without either making friends or attaining preferment. Sometimes, indeed, the King was amused with his caustic sallies, but he had never art enough to improve the favourable opportunity; and his enemies (who were upon the matter the whole court) always found means to throw him out of favour again. The celebrated Archie Armstrong offered Sir Mungo, in his generosity, a skirt of his own fool’s coat, proposing thereby to communicate to him the privileges and immunities of a professed jester—“For,” said the man of motley, “Sir Mungo, as he goes on just now, gets no more for a good jest than just the King’s pardon for having made it.”

Even in London, the golden shower which fell around him, did not moisten the blighted fortunes of Sir Mungo Malagrowthor. He grew old, deaf, and peevish—lost even the spirit which had formerly animated his strictures, and was barely endured by James, who, though himself nearly as far stricken in years, retained, to an unusual and even an absurd degree, the desire to be surrounded by young people. Sir Mungo, thus fallen into the yellow leaf of years and fortune, shewed his emaciated form and faded embroidery at court as seldom as his duty permitted; and spent his time in indulging his food for satire, in the public walks and in the aisles of St. Paul’s, which were then the general resort of newsmongers and characters of all descriptions, associating himself chiefly

with such of his countrymen as he accounted of inferior birth and rank to himself. In this manner, hating and contemning commerce and those who pursued it, he nevertheless lived a good deal among the Scottish artists and merchants who had followed the court to London. To these he could shew his cynicism without much offence, for some submitted to his jeers and ill-humour in deference to his birth and knight-hood, which in those days conferred high privileges; and others, of more sense, pitied and endured the old man, unhappy alike in his fortunes and his temper.’

At the dinner-party, where Lord Nigel encountered this original, he also met Mrs. Margaret Ramsay; and at prayers in the afternoon a pale and mysterious female who dwells in utter seclusion in Mr. Heriot’s house, and whose adventures are ultimately connected with those of the other persons of the drama. Another and very different character immediately afterwards appears in Ursula Suddlechops, the wife of a barber, and a pupil of the famous Mother Turner’s; need we add that she is a love procurer, and addicted to most of the crafts of a life of imposture and wickedness. This wise woman is, however, also the confidante of the ward in innocent matters; and when poor Peg-a-Ramsay’s heart is stricken by Nigel at Heriot’s feast, it is to her that she applies for advice. The consequence of this is felt in the main thread of the story. Nigel’s claims are opposed by the favourite Buckingham, and by Prince Charles, who secretly want Glenvarloch for a hunting-seat. The struggle between the the king’s sense of justice and his timidity is exquisitely portrayed, (and indeed in every part where James appears his character is developed with a master hand;) and when, through the interference of an ancient and respected nobleman, Lord Huntinglen, Nigel receives his Majesty’s sign manual for the amount of his claim, the manners of the then court of England are excellently displayed, Heriot and Nigel are leaving the presence with the important grant:—

“They both followed the Earl without speaking, and were in the second anti-room when the important announcement of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other, “The Duke—the Duke!” made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favourite.

‘He entered, that unhappy minion of court favour, sumptuously dressed in the picturesque attire which will live for ever on the canvas of Vandyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nodding to its fall, still, by external show and profuse expence, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The handsome and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manners of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become that picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

‘All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him, that the Earl of Huntinglen, who affected no extraordinary haste on the occasion, with his companions, who could not, if they would, have decently left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntinglen, but unbowed to Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greeting, which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said,—“Too much courtesy, my lord duke, is often the reverse of kindness.”

“I grieve you should think so, Master Heriot,” answered the Duke; “I only meant, by my homage, to claim your protection, sir—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits—a promoter—an undertaker—a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality, who chance to be penny-less. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast.”

“They will bear me the farther, my lord duke,” answered the goldsmith, “that my boast is but small.”

“O, you do yourself less than justice, my good Master Heriot,” continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; “You have a marvellous court-faction, to be the sop of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage.”

“That shall be my task,” said Lord Huntinglen, with emphasis. “My Lord Duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifant, Lord Glenvarloch, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland. Lord Glenvarloch, I present you to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham representative of Sir George Villiers, Knight of Brookesby; in the county of Leicester.”

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarloch scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily and with restrained indignation. “We know each other, then,” said the Duke, after a moment’s pause, and as if he had seen something in the young



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nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter railery with which he had commenced. "We know each other, and you know me, my lord, for your enemy."

"I thank you for your plainness," my lord duke," replied Nigel; "an open enemy is better than a hollow friend."

"For you, my Lord Huntinglen," said the Duke, "methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted to you, as the father of the Prince's friend, and my own."

"By my faith, my Lord Duke," replied the Earl, "it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries of the existence of which he was not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation, that my son keeps such exalted company."

"O, my Lord, we know you, and indulge you," said the Duke; "you are one of those who presume for a life-long upon the merit of one good action."

"In faith, my Lord, if it be so," said the old Earl, "I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do, without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my Lord—we can neither be friends nor enemies—you have your path, and I have mine."

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted thus; the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

In the course of affairs, Nigel, at his friend Lord Huntinglen's, becomes intimate with his only son, Lord Dalgarno, the young Iago of the piece, and an intimate of the Duke of Buckingham's. In order to ruin Nigel, he seduces him to a gaming-house (a place his father had forbidden him ever to enter,) and endeavours to familiarize him with the licence of a gallant's life in town. At this point the first volume closes:—and when we have gone thus far we feel all the force of the writer's art. His contrasts: Nigel and Dalgarno—the open ingenuous noble and the villainous courtier, and also Dalgarno and his own father—the new and old school; the two 'prentices, Vincent and Tunstall: the domestics Richie and Latin the one all fidelity, the other a rascal gipsy: the females, Margaret Ramsay and Lady Hermione—the first all woman, the last the wreck of woman's hopes. Besides the endless and nicely discriminated varieties; the king per se, Prince Charles, Buckingham, old Malgrowth, Heriot, old Ramsay, John Christie, his wife Nelly, and Dame Suddlechops; every one perfect in kind. These individualities, or realizations of life; the admirable development of the royal character, the natural course of intricate events, all combine to cheat the fancy, and make us peruse the narrative as no fiction. In one only instance is this not the case. The episodical adventures of Lady Hermione in Spain are artificial; her release from a convent, where all her betrayer could desire is secured, is contrary to all probability, unexplained as it is by any urgency for so gross a folly in so cold blooded a Machiavel.

We have mentioned that Dalgarno seduced Nigel to the gambling-house of Chevalier Beaujeu, who provided also the fare of a restaurateur, then quite a novelty in London. This rogue's portrait is well done, but we can only give one of the strokes.

"The company and conversation was so agreeable, that Nigel's rigour was softened by it, even towards the master of ceremonies, and he listened with patience to various details which the Chevalier de Beaujeu, seeing as he said, that Milor's taste lay for the 'curieux et l'utile,' chose to address to him in particular, on the subject of cookery. To gratify, at the same time, the taste for antiquity, which he somehow supposed that his new guest possessed, he launched out in commendation of the great artists of former days, particularly one whom he had known in his youth, 'Maitre de Cuisine to the Marechal Strozzi—tres bon gentilhomme pourtant;' who had maintained his master's table with twelve covers every day during the long and severe blockade of Le petit Leyth, although he had nothing better to place on it than the quarter of a carrion-horse now and then, and the grass and weeds that grow on the ramparts. 'Des par dieux c'etoit un homme superbe! With on tistle-head, and a nettle or two, he could make soupe for twenty guests—an haunch of a little puppy-dog made a roti des plus excellents; but his conde maitre was when the rendition—what you call the surrender, took place and appended; and then, dieu me damne, he made out of the hind quarter of one salted horse, forty-five couverts; that the English and Scottish officers and nobility, who had the honour to dine with Monseigneur upon the rendition, could not tell what the devil any one of them were made upon at all."

Soon a quarrel ensues at the table d'hôte, and a Citizen and Low Country captain, one Peppercorn, figure on the tapis. The affray reminds us strongly of a favourite old ballad poem of ours, ascribed to L'Estrange, in which a similar affray takes place in consequence of the same words being uttered; but the author of Nigel does not spin out the resemblance.

From the tavern Nigel goes to the play-house, to see Barrage perform Richard, and we never read any thing so well applied to himself as the great unknown has here very briefly said of Shakespear:

"Nigel Olifant was too eagerly and deeply absorbed in the interest of the scene, to be capable of playing his part as became the place where he was seated. He felt all the magic of that sorcerer, who had displayed, within the paltry circle of a wooden booth, the long wars of York and Lancaster, compelling the heroes of either line to stalk across the scene in language and fashion as they lived, as if the grave had given up the dead for the amusement and instruction of the living."

The unsuspecting Glenvarloch falls into the snares of his adversaries, and without becoming absolutely vicious, incurs all the odium of the greatest vice. Even his prudence aggravates the reproach, for he is accused of meanness for not playing deep, and becomes the ruin of little gamblers instead of risking his all with his equals; and he is held to be the violator of Christie's marriage bed, merely from not having courage enough to deny the joenlar imputations of the real criminal, Dalgarno. At this period the quaint but sturdy Richie Moniplies determines to leave him, and the scene between them in consequence of that resolution, is not surpassed, as we think, by any thing of the kind that ever was written.

"Said he (Richie to John Christie) if my lord is not weary of this London life, I ken one that is, videlicet myself; and I am well determined to see Arthur's Seat again ere I am many weeks older."

Richie Moniplies was as good as his word. Two or three mornings after the young lord had possessed himself of his new lodgings, he appeared before Nigel, as he was preparing to dress, having left his pillow at an hour much later than had formerly been his custom.

"As Nigel looked upon his attendant, he observed there was a gathering gloom upon his solemn features which expressed either additional importance or superadded discontent, or a portion of both."

"How now," he said, "what is the matter this morning, Richie, that you have made your face so like the grotesque mask on one of the spouts yonder?" pointing to the Temple Church, of which Gothic building they had a view from the window.

Richie swivelled his head a little to the right with a little alacrity as if he had the crick in his neck, and instantly resuming his posture, replied—"Creak here, creak there—it were nae such matters that I have to speak anent."

"And what matters have you to speak anent, then?" said his master, whom circumstances had endured to tolerate a good deal of freedom from his attendant.

"My lord,"—said Richie, and then stopped to cough and hem, as if what he had to say stuck some what in his throat.

"I guess the mystery," said Nigel, "you want a little money, Richie; will five pieces serve the present turn?"

"My Lord," said Richie, "I may, it is like, want a trifle of money; and I am glad at the same time, and sorry, that it is mair plenty with your lordship than formerly."

"Glad and sorry, man!" said Lord Nigel, "why, you are reading riddles to me, Richie."

"My riddle will be briefly read," said Richie; "I come to crave of your lordship your commands for Scotland."

"For Scotland!—why, art thou mad, man?" said Nigel; "canst thou not tarry to go down with me?"

"I could be of little service," said Richie, "since you purpose to hire another page and groom."

"Why, thou jealous ass," said the young lord, "will not thy load of duty lie the lighter?—Go, take thy breakfast, and drink thy ale double strong, to put such absurdities out of thy head—I could be angry with thee for thy folly, man—but I remember how thou hast stuck to me in adversity."

"Adversity, my lord, should never have parted us," said Richie; "methinks, had the worst come to worst, I could have starved as gallantly as your lordship, or more so, being in some sort used to it; for, though I was bred at a fisher's stall, I have not through my life had a constant intimacy with collops."

"Now, what is the meaning of all this trash?" said Nigel; "or has it no other end than to provoke my patience? You know well enough that had I twenty serving-men, I would hold the faithful follower that stood by me in my distress the most valued of them all. But it is totally out of reason to plague me with your solemn capricious."

"My lord," said Richie, "in declaring your trust in me, you have done what is honourable to yourself, if I may with humility say so much, and in no way undeserved on my side. Nevertheless, we must part."

"Body of me, man, why?" said Lord Nigel, "what reason can there be for it, if we are mutually satisfied?"

"My lord," said Richie Moniplies, "your lordship's occupations are such as I cannot own or countenance by my presence."

"How now, sirrah!" said his master angrily.

"Under favour, 'my lord,'" replied his domestic, "it is unequal dealing to be equally offended by my speech and by my silence. If you can hear with patience the grounds of my departure, it may be, for aught I know, the better for you here and hereafter—if not let me have my licence of departure in silence, and so no more about it."

"Go to, Sir!" said Nigel; "speak out your mind—only remember to whom you speak it."

"Weel, weel, my lord—I speak it with humility, (never did Richie look with more starched dignity than when he uttered the word;) but do you think this dicing and card-shuffling, and haunting of taverns and play-houses, suits your lordship—for I am sure it does not suit me?"

"Why, you are not turned precisian or puritan, fool?" said Lord Glenvarloch laughing, though, betwixt resentment and shame, it cost him some trouble to do so.

"My lord," replied the follower, "I ken the purport of your query. I am, it may be, a little of a precisian, and I wish to heaven I was mair worthy of the name; but let that be a pass-over. I have stretched the duties of a serving-man as far as my northern conscience will permit. I can give my gude word to my master, or to my native country, when I am in a foreign land, even though I should leave downright truth a wee bit behind me. Ay, and I will take or give a lash with any man that speaks to the derogation of either. But this chambering, dicing, and play-haunting, is not my element. I cannot draw breath in it—and when I hear of your lordship winning the siller that some poor creature may full sairly miss—by my soul, if it wad serve your necessity, rather than you gained it from him, I wad tak a jump over the hedge with your lordship, and cry 'Stand!' to the first grazier we met that was coming from Smithfield with the price of his Essex calves in his leathern pouch!"

"You are a simpleton," said Nigel, who felt, however, much conscience-struck; "I never play but for small sums."

"Ay, my lord," replied the unyielding domestic, "and—still with reverence—it is even sae much the waur. If you played with your equals, there might be like sin but there wad be mair waridly honour in it. Your lordship kens, or may ken, by experience of your ain, whilk is not as yet many weeks said, that small sums can ill be missed by those that have none larger; and I maun e'en be plain with you, that men notice it of your lordship, that ye play wi' none but the misguided creatures that can but afford to lose bare stakes."

"No man dare say so!" replied Nigel, very angrily. "I play with whom I please, but I will only play for what stake I please."

"That is just what they say, my lord," said the unmerciful Richie, whose natural love of lecturing, as well as his bluntness of feeling, prevented him from having any idea of the pain which he was inflicting on his master; "these are even their own words. It was but yesterday your lordship was pleased, at that same ordinary, to win from yonder young haffins gentleman with the crimson velvet doublet, and the cork's feather in his beaver—him I mean who fought with the ranting captain, a matter of five pounds, or thereby. I saw him come through the hail; and if he was not cleaned out of cross and pell, I never saw a ruined man in my life!"

"Impossible!" said Lord Glenvarloch; "why, who is he? he looked like a man of substance."

"All is not gold that glistens, mylord," replied Richie; "broidery and bolton buttons make bare pouches. And if you ask who he is—may be I have a guess, and care not to tell."

"At least, if I have done any such follow an injury," said the Lord Nigel, "let me know how I can repair it."

"Never fash your head about that, my lord,—with reverence always," said Richie,—"he shall be suitably cared after—think on him but as one who was running post to the devil, and got a shoulderering from your lordship to help him on his journey. But I will stop him if reason can, and so your lordship needs ask nae mair about it, for there is no use in your knowing it but much the contrair."

"Hark you, sirrah," said his master, "I have borne with you thus far for certain reasons; but abuse my good nature no farther—and since you must needs go, why go a God's name, and here is to pay your journey." So saying, he put gold into his hand, which Richie told over, piece by piece, with the utmost accuracy. "Is it all right—or are they wanting in weight—or what the devil keeps you, when your hurry was so great five minutes since?" said the young lord, now thoroughly nettled at the presumptuous precision with which Richie dealt forth his canons of morality.

"The tale of coin is complete," said Richie, with the most imperceptible gravity; "and for the weight, though they are sae scrupulous in this town as make mouths at a piece that is a wee bit light, or that has been cracked within the ring, my sooth, they will jump at them in Edinburgh like a cork at a grossart. Gold pieces are not so plenty there, the mair the pity!"

"The more is your folly then," said Nigel whose anger was only momentary, "that leave the land where there is enough of them."

"My lord, (said Richie,) to be round with you, the grace of God is better than gold pieces. When Goblin, as you call yonder Monsieur Lutin,—and you might as well call him Gibbet, since that is what he is like to end in,—shall recommend a page to you, ye will hear little such doctrine as you have heard from me. And if they were my last words," he said, raising his voice, "I would say you are misled, and are forsaking the paths which your honourable father trod in; and, what is more, you are going,—still under correction,—to the devil with a dish-clout, for ye are laughed at by them that lead you into these disordered bye-paths."

With some more of the same sterling stuff they separate; and as if his good genius had left him, Nigel becomes convinced of the treachery of Dalgarno, and draws upon him in the Park, within the royal precincts, thereby incurring a Star-Chamber premunire, likely to cost him his right hand. Dreading the use which his enemies would not fail to make of this offence, Nigel seeks safety in Alsatia; of which extraordinary place of refuge we have a striking picture.\* His abode here, assigned by the Duke Hildebrod, is in the house of Trappois, a miser and money-lender, with an only daughter, Martha, an ugly and querulous, but shrewd and remarkable character. An underplot is laid by Margaret Ramsay to rescue him from the tribulations of Alsatia; but the issue is hastened by the horrid murder of his host, and the dreadful accompaniments of that act, which terminates in Martha's becoming the partner of his evasion. His course is shaped for Greenwich, to throw himself on the King's mercy, and he sends the distressed partner of his flight and her rich chest, for protection, to Christie's, but chance throws her into the arms of Moniplies; and thus a new interest is added to the denouement. His boatmen, Margaret's emissaries, endeavour to control his motions, but he forces them to land him at his own wished-for port. Here he is trimmed by a facetious barber, under whose hands he hears of several of his acquaintances in the following whimsical manner:

"Yes, sir—Malcrowder, sir, as you say, sir—hard names the Scotch have, sir, for an English mouth. Sir Munko is a handsome person, sir—perhaps you know him—bating the loss of his fingers, and the lameness of his leg, and the length of his chin. Sir, it takes me one minute, twelve seconds, more time to trim that chin of his, than any chin that I know in the town of Greenwich, sir. But he is a very comely gentleman, for all that; and a pleasant—a very pleasant gentleman, sir—and a good-humoured, saving that he is so deaf he can never hear good of any one, and so wise, that he can never believe it; but he is a very good-natured gentleman for all that, except when one speaks too low, or when a hair turns awry.—Did I graze you, sir? We shall put it to right in a moment, with one drop of styptic—my styptic, or rather my wife's, sir—She makes the water herself. One drop of the styptic, sir, and a bit of black taffeta patch, just big enough to be the saddle to a flea, sir—Yes, sir, rather improves than otherwise. The Prince had a patch the other day, and so had the Duke; and, if you will believe me, there are seventeen yards three quarters of black taffeta already cut into patches for the courtiers."

"But Sir Mungo Malagrowth?" again interjected Nigel, with difficulty.

"Ay, ay, sir—Sir Munko, as you say; a pleasant, good humoured gentleman as ever—To be spoken with, did you say? O ay, easily to be spoken withal, that is, as easily as his infirmity will permit. He will presently, unless some one hath asked him forth to breakfast, be taking his bone of broiled beef at my neighbour Ned Kilderkin's yonder, removed from over the way. Ned keeps an eating-house, sir, famous for pork-griskins; but Sir Munko cannot abide pork, no more than the King's most Sacred Majesty, nor my Lord Duke of Lennox, nor Lord Dalgarno,—nay, I am sure, sir, if I touched you this time, it was your fault, not mine.—But a singledrop of the styptic, another little patch that would make a doublet for a flea, just under the left mustache; it will become you when you smile, sir, as well as a dimple; and if you would

\* The description will remind the readers of the olden comedy, of Tom Shadwell's Squire of Alsatia, in which Cheately, Shamwell, and particularly Captain Hackum (a prototype of Peppercull) represent similar characters with those in the novel. Belfont, too, in some respects, bears a resemblance to the adventures of Nigel. In like manner in Kenilworth it may be observed, that the language was founded upon, if not borrowed from the lower comedy of Ben Jonson; and this in the way which true genius knows to appropriate from elder times all that is necessary for its purpose, without servility or mean imitation.



salute your fair mistress—but I beg pardon, you are a grave gentleman, very grave to be so young.—Hope I have given no offence; it is my duty to entertain customers—my duty, sir, and my pleasure.—Sir Munko Malerowther?—yes, sir, I dare say he is at this moment in Ned's eating-house, for few folks ask him out, now Lord Huntinglen is gone to London. You will get touched again—yes, sir—there shall you find him with his can of single ale, stirred with a sprig of rosemary, for he never drinks strong potations, sir, unless to oblige Lord Huntinglen—take heed, sir—or any other person who asks him forth to breakfast—but single beer he always drinks at Ned's, with his broiled bone of beef or mutton—or, it may be lamb at the season—but not pork, though Ned is famous for his girkins. But the Scotch never eat pork—strange that! some folks think they are a sort of Jews. There is a resemblance, sir—Do you not think so? Then they call our most gracious Sovereign the second Solomon, and Solomon, you know, was King of the Jews; so the thing bears a face, you see. I believe, sir, you will find yourself trimmed now to your content. I will be judged by the fair mistress of your affections. Crave pardon—no offence, I trust. Pray, consult the glass—one touch of the crisping tongs, to reduce this straggler.—Thank your munificence, sir—hope your custom while you stay in Greenwich.

Obtaining access to the Park, he meets the King hunting, just as he has killed a deer, and taking this inauspicious moment to urge his suit rather too strenuously, is arrested as a traitor and committed to the tower.

A single horseman followed the chase, upon a steed so thoroughly subjected to the rein, that it obeyed the touch of the bridle as if it had been a mechanical impulse operating on the nicest piece of machinery; so that, seated deep in his demipique saddle, and so trussed up there as to make falling almost impossible, the rider, without either fear or hesitation, might increase or diminish the speed at which he rode, which, even on the most animating occasions of the chase, seldom exceeded three-fourths of a gallop, the horse keeping his haunches under him, and never stretching forward beyond the managed space of the academy. The security with which he chose to prosecute even this favourite, and, in the ordinary case, somewhat dangerous amusement, as well as the rest of his equipage, marked King James. No attendant was within sight; indeed, it was often a nice strain of flattery to permit the Sovereign to suppose he had outridden and distanced all the rest of the chase.

"Weel dune, Bash—weel dune, Battie!" he exclaimed, as he came up. "By the honour of a king, ye are a credit to the Braes of Balwhithier!—Haud my horse, man," he called out to Nigel, without stopping to see to whom he addressed himself—"Haud my naig, and help me down out o' the saddle—de'il ding your saul, sirrah, canna you mak haste before these lazy emaits come up?—haud the rein easy—dixna let him swerve—now, haud the stirrup—that will do, man, and now we are on terra firma." So saying, without casting an eye on his assistant, gentle King Jamie, unsheathing the short sharp hanger, (*couteau de chasse*), which was the only thing approaching to a sword that he could willingly endure the sight of, drew the blade with great satisfaction across the throat of the buck, and put an end at once to its struggles and its agonies.

Lord Glenvarloch, who knew well the sylvan duty which the occasion demanded, hung the bridle of the King's palfrey on the branch of a tree, and kneeling dutiously down, turned the slaughtered deer upon its back, and kept the quarré in that position, while the King, too intent upon his sport to observe any thing else, drew his *couteau* down the breast of the animal, *secundum artem*; and having made a cross cut, so as to ascertain the depth of the fat upon the chest, exclaimed, in a sort of rapture, "Three inches of white fat on the brisket!—prime—prime, as I am a crowned sinner—and de'il aue o' the lazy loons in but myself! Seven—eight—eight times on the antlers. By G—d, a hart of aught times, and the first of the season! Bash and Battie, blessings on the heart's-root of ye! Buss me, my bairns, buss me." The dogs accordingly fauned upon him, licked him with bloody jaws, and soon put him in such a state that it might have seemed treason had been doing its full work upon his anointed body. "Bide down, with a mischief to ye, bide down, with a wamion," cried the King, almost overturned by the obstreperous caresses of the large staghounds. "But ye are just like ither folks, gie ye an inch and ye take an ell.—And wha may ye be, friend?" he said, now finding leisure to take a nearer view of Nigel, and observing what in his first emotion of sylvan delight had escaped him.—"Ye are naue of our train, ma. In the name of God, what the devil are ye?"

"An unfortunate man, sire," replied Nigel.

"I dare say that," answered the King, snappishly, "or I wad have seen naething of you. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themselves, but let bowls row wrang wi' them, and I am sure to hear of it."

"And to whom else can we carry our complaints but to your Majesty, who is Heaven's vicegerent over us?" answered Nigel.

"Right, man, right—very weel spoken," said the King "but ye should leave Heaven's vicegerent some quiet on earth, too."

"If your Majesty will look on me," (for hitherto the King had been so busy, first with the dogs, and then with the mystic operation of *breaking*, in vulgar phrase, cutting up the deer, that he had scarce given

his assistant above a transient glance,) "you will see whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur."

King James looked; his blood left his cheek, though it continued stained with that of the animal which lay at his feet, he dropped the knife from his hand, cast behind him a faulterring eye, as if he either meditated flight or looked out for assistance, and then exclaimed,—"Glenvarloches! as sure as I was christened James Stuart. Here is a bonny spot of work, and me alone, and on foot too!" he added bustling to get upon his horse.

"Forgive me that I interrupt you, my liege," said Nigel, placing himself between the King and the steed: "hear me but a moment."

"I'll hear ye beat on horseback," said the King. "I canna hear a word on foot, man, not a word; and it is not seemly to stand cheek-for-cheek confronting us that gate. Bide out, of our gate sir, we charge you, on your allegiance. The de'il's in them a', what can be doing?"

"By the crown which you wear, my liege," said Nigel, "and for which my ancestors have worthily fought, I conjure you to be composed and to hear me but a moment!"

That which he asked was entirely out of the Monarch's power to grant. The timidity which he shewed was not the plain downright cowardice, which, like a natural impulse, compels a man to flight, and which can excite little but pity or contempt, but a much more ludicrous, as well as more mingled sensation. The poor King was frightened at once and angry, desirous of securing his safety; and at the same time ashamed to compromise his dignity; so that, without attending to what Lord Glenvarloch endeavoured to explain, he kept making at his horse, and repeating, "We are a free King, man—we are a free King—we will not be controlled by a subject—In the name of God, what keeps Steenie? And, praised be his name, they are coming—Hillo, ho,—here here—Steenie, Steenie!"

The Duke of Buckingham galloped up, followed by several courtiers and attendants of the royal chase, and commenced, with his usual familiarity,—"I see Fortune has graced our dear dad, as usual.—But what's this?"

"What is it? It is treason, for what I ken," said the King; "and a' your wyte, Steenie. Your dear dad and gossip might have been murdered, what for you care?"

"Murdered? Secure the villain!" exclaimed the Duke. "By Heaven, it is Olifaunt himself!" A dozen of the hunters dismounted at once, letting their horses run wild through the park. Some seized roughly on Lord Glenvarloch, who thought it folly to offer resistance, while others busied themselves with the King. "Are you wounded, my liege—are you wounded?"

"Not that I ken of," said the King. In the paroxysm of his apprehension, (which, by the way, might be pardoned in one of so timorous a temper, and who, in his time, had been exposed to so many strange attempts)—"Not that I ken of—but search him—search him. I am sure I saw fire-arms under his cloak. I am sure I smelled powder—I am doom's sure of that."

Lord Glenvarloch's cloak being stripped off, and his pistols discovered, there was a shout of wonder and of execration on the supposed criminal purpose, arose from the crowd, now thickening every moment.

A boy, a supposed accomplice, is sent to the same prison; and the strong room there is a strong proof of the author's dramatic powers and observance of nature. The boy is the fond Margaret in disguise; and not only her discourse and manner, but a dialogue with Christie, who comes to reclaim his frail wife from her supposed seducer, and another with Heriot, are sustained in the happiest style. The story now verges on its close. Dalgarno's villainies are detected and defeated; and himself (with Nelly at his feet) slain by a lower wretch, Peppercull, who in his turn falls before Richie Moniplies. The faithful serving-man by this act secures the person and fortune of Martha, one of whose father's murderers Peppercull is: King James makes a ploy with the marriage of Nigel and Margaret—and strict Justice is awarded to all the characters in this eventful and excellent drama.

In the way of remark we have little room, had we much inclination to say more than has incidentally been said. In our opinion it will almost raise the author; for though the story itself is less interesting than some of its predecessors, never in his whole career has he evinced more skill in developing and sustaining character; in involving his natural fable and making it consistent with the time and history; and above all, in so admirably constructing his machinery, and so finely managing his puppets, that every wheel and every person contributes essentially to the end, though when first introduced we can hardly tell why or wherefore either appear.

\* In *The Lollards*, recently published, and already a deservedly popular novel a similar excellence is found: it is a curious transcript of ancient manners built on the rarest documents of the age of Henry V.

**Distress in Ireland.****ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.**

Names.	Sums.	Names.	Sums.
Major John Toombs, ..	100	<i>Subscriptions at Suvarol.</i>	
A. Wilson, .....	80	J. Cheap, Esq., .....	200
J. J. McCann, .....	25	D. Erskine, .....	100
Mathew Mendes, .....	32	James Erskine, .....	32
Capt. John Broadhurst,	64	John Erskine, .....	16
Amount realized by Sub-		Tulluck Chunder Bysack,	32
scriptions at the Union		Jugmohun Sing, .....	32
Chapel, .....	722	Gopy Naut Sircar, .....	16
D. and P. Andrew, £ 20	200	Sreenceboss Sircar, .....	16
J. B. Elliott, .....	100	Wm. Dorin, .....	100
<i>Writers in Mr. Marnell's Office.</i>		H. Boileau, .....	100
John Muffin, .....	10	D. McFarlane, .....	50
Obeysburn Holdar, ....	10	H. Fitzgerald, .....	50
Wm. Pegredo, .....	8	J. S. May, .....	50
Radamohun Bhose, ....	2	Ensign Smith, .....	16
Ram Seebuck Bhose, ..	2		
Gowd Mohan Dass, ....	2		
Kistnomohun Dutt, ....	2		
Gopee Mohun Ghose, ..	1		
Byeant Mukerjee, ....	1		
		Total, .....	2,171
		Sums already subscribed	83,339
		Grand Total, .....	85,510

The Committee re-assembles to-morrow morning, the 1st Proximo, at 9 o'clock, at the Town Hall.

**Madras Papers.**

Madras, October 9, 1822.—The Ship WINDSOR CASTLE, got under weigh for England, on Sunday night at 11 o'clock.—The following is a list of her Passengers: Mrs. Smelt, Mrs. Wrey, Mrs. Sale, Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Nelthropp; Major Sale, Captain Jones, Captain Logan, Captain Sibbald, Lieutenant Logan, Lieutenant Street, Lieutenant Warren, Lieutenant Andrews, Lieutenant Webb, R. N.; Lieutenant Pitcairn, Mr. Elliott.—Children: Miss Grant, Miss Keating, Miss Nelthropp, 2 Misses Wrey, Master Keating.

The Bark DOLPHIN, Captain G. East, from Calcutta the 16th, Vizagapatam, Coringa 26th ultimo, and Masulipatam 4th instant, anchored in the Roads on Monday morning.—The Ship NANCY was to have been despatched on the 25th ult. and may be hourly expected.—She will afford the last opportunity before the Monsoon for the transmission of Letters to Europe.

The Commodore paid a visit of ceremony to His Highness the Nabob on Saturday last, under the customary honors.—We hear that it is the intention of His Highness to return the compliment on Thursday next.

H. M. Ships LIFFEY and DAUNTLESS will sail in a few days for Trincomalee, where they will receive the rigging and spars of the MADAGASCAR of 46 guns building at Bombay.—This vessel, it is thought, will be ready for launching about the 15th November.—From Trincomalee the Commodore will proceed to Cochin accompanied by the CURLEW.—The Commodore's visit to Cochin is for the purpose of superintending the launch of the TERAGRANT of 26 guns.—The CURLEW will transfer her Ship's company to the TERAGRANT and then be taken to Bombay by the LIFFEY to be sold.—Gazette.

Madras, October 11, 1822.—Vessels are daily coming in from the Northern Ports, but we are still unable to announce the arrival of any of the Ships expected from England. The weather continues wet and squally and to all appearance the Monsoon has regularly set in, although Westerly winds still prevail. For the last forty-eight hours it has rained almost incessantly.

Our Port is almost deserted; the RELIANCE and DAPHNE still remain, but they are expected to sail immediately, and H. M. Ships LIFFEY and DAUNTLESS will proceed to Trincomalee to-day or to-morrow.

The Ship CERES, Captain Pridham, from Calcutta 16th, Vizagapatam 25th ultimo, and Masulipatam 5th instant, came in on Wednesday. Passengers—Mrs. Pridham, Mrs. Peregrin, Mrs. Denselam, Captain Mitchell, H. M. 39th Regt. Lieutenant R. Bradford, 17th N. I. and Mr. Holland.—Courier.

**Solution.**

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

I send herewith a Solution of one of the Riddles which appeared in your Paper of yesterday, and if correct, you will oblige me by giving it insertion in your Paper.

Your's Obediently,

Oct. 26, 1822.

VORTEX.

The Tongue by nature gentle does appear,  
Its Syren sounds we're always pleased to hear;  
Deep secrets are entrusted to its care,  
Intrigues and politics it equally does share;  
At Church, at Balls, at Operas and at Play,  
The Tongue exerts in various ways its sway;  
The gay, the poor, the wealthy and the vain,  
All converse seek, restrain their tongues with pain;  
Love's embassies it often has conveyed,  
From am'rous youths to some enchanting maid;  
Its action often certainly does prove,  
To Lovers useful, and of use to Love;  
Of its deceitfulness, the beauteous Fair,  
Should e'er reflect, and heedfully beware;  
It often deals the vilest scandal round,  
With sly surmise, does reputation wound,  
The form of truth does artfully disguise,  
And vents its spleen in obloquy and lies;  
Hence in the sacred page does *Juda's* name,  
Stand branded with deserved reproach and shame,  
And LADIES must with truth and candour own,  
That by their Tongue their sex is mostly known.

**Shipping Arrivals.**

CALCUTTA.					
Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Oct. 30	Dolphin	British	G. East	Madras	Oct. 15
MADRAS.					
Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Oct. 7	Geo. the Fourth	British	P. Barbet	Ganjam	July 28
7	Horatio	British	J. Budwell	Calcutta	Sept. 6
7	Dolphin	British	G. East	Calcutta	Sept. 15
7	Lion	British	J. Winter	Coringa	Sept. 30
8	Roxa	British	J. Anderson	Coringa	Sept. 21
8	Diana	British	F. Gantier	Vizagapatam	Sept. 26

**Shipping Departures.**

MADRAS.					
Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination	
Oct. 5	Zenobia	British	J. Peick	Pondicherry	
5	Anora	British	S. Horton	Eseapilly	
5	Lady Raffles	British	J. Coxwell	Calcutta	

**Stations of Vessels in the River.**

CALCUTTA, OCTOBER 29, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—H. C. S. ASTELL.—GANGES, outward-bound, remains.—CARRON, ANN, and FRANKLIN, (F.) passed up.

Kedgerree.—ASTA, proceeded down.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ships PRINCE REGENT, ASIA, DORSETSHIRE, and WARREN HASTINGS.

The EXMOUTH, NEPTUNE, and MATILDA, arrived off Calcutta on Tuesday, and the MINSTREL, arrived at Cooley Bazar on the same day.

**Death.**

It is with the deepest sorrow, and the most unfeigned regret, that we have to communicate to the public, the death of PATRICK STEWART, Esq. of the firm of Messrs. STEWART and ROBERTSON. He died yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, after a very short illness. We shall not attempt at this time, or in this place to offer any remarks on the admirable character of this most lamented individual. The very name of PATRICK STEWART, like that of GEORGE CRUTTENDEN, is a sufficient memorial of his character, and of all that is amiable, and good, and just, and virtuous in man.—John Bull.



